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## Trying to Bring That Country Into Conflict With United States

There is every indication that the influence of Germany is at work in Mexico in an effort to bring that country into conflict with the United States, and thus necessitate the sending of a large body of troops there which would otherwise be sent to the west front. At the same time Germany is striving to prevent the vast oil supply of Mexico from getting to the allies for the operation of ships of all kinds, as well as for military purposes, by using her utmost influence with the Mexican government.

A break with Mexico would also compel the United States to divert as many battleships as possible to the port of Tampico. This important port, which is the great centre of the Mexican oil industry, is situated on the Panceo river, seven miles from the sea, and is at present guarded by American battleships to protect the interests of American oil companies.

Mexican oil is being extensively used at the present time on allied vessels and the oil decree of President Carranza, amounting as it does practically to confiscation of the claims of British and American companies, would seriously hamper the allied naval operations. The Mexican government, replying to a protest from Great Britain, declared that it does not recognize the right of any foreign government to protest against such decrees, and that it is free to adopt such fiscal legislation as it thinks fit. It suggests that recourse to the courts would be the proper method of determining whether the oil lands decree was unjust and confiscatory. The governments of Great Britain and the United States have joined in a diplomatic effort to induce Mexico to alter this decree.

The petroleum industry of Mexico has been the noteworthy feature of her industrial development. Throughout the territory of the gulf coast plains from Tamaulipas to Coahuila there are rich oil deposits, most of which are particularly adapted for use as fuel. In 1912 the petroleum production of Mexico was 16,700,000 barrels and has shown a steady increase since that time.

## Gallant Guernseymen

Out of a population of 45,000, it is estimated that 8,000 men from Guernsey have joined the forces. The Guernsey battalions have also acquitted themselves admirably, especially in the Cambrai section, and have drawn eulogies from the press of the world. The King, as Duke of Normandy, will be proud of the achievements of the men of Guernsey, who, by the way, enjoy many quaint privileges granted to them by ancient and royal charters.

Who and Why  
The Bolsheviks?

## Rule Russia With a Tyranny Greater Than Czarism

What the Bolsheviks are is easy to answer; but why they are is difficult. Not even the Russian people themselves know why.

In Russia when Czarism ruled and to be a Socialist was to be a revolutionary, there was founded the Russian Social Democratic party. Plehanov, who died the other day in exile in Finland, was the founder. He, the son of a land owner, believed thoroughly in the brand of Socialism taught by the German Karl Marx, and after his university career ended, sought to propagate his opinion amongst the Russian working classes. The police soon pursued him and he became an exile in Switzerland for 37 years. While there he was the leader of the Russian Revolutionary Socialists. He was a keen student, widely read and capable.

In Switzerland at the same time was Lenin—or Ulyanov, to give him his real name—a bitter opponent of Plehanov, but belonging to the same party. In 1902 a dispute began between them as to the details of party organization. Lenin wanted to have the central governing committee of the party all-powerful; Plehanov wanted to have the local party committees autonomous. Lenin won. His section got the majority, whence the word "Bolshevik"; Plehanov led the minority, or "Mensheviks."

Thereupon the party split into two bodies; Lenin's stood for revolutionary Socialism and terrorism; Plehanov's for evolutionary Socialism by the ordinary means and methods of political and social development.

Plehanov's party was fairly powerful in Russia after the overthrow of the czar. It stood for fighting Germany on the basis of a defensive war. But the Lenin element, averse from fighting Germany, fought the Mensheviks tooth and nail and finally ousted them from power. Plehanov, who was welcomed in the ex-czar's palace in April, 1917, as one of the leaders of Russian freedom, a few months later, through the machinations of the Bolsheviks, was an outcast. He went to Finland and died there—probably broken-hearted.

And the Bolsheviks, having abandoned all pretense at democracy, now rule Russia with a tyranny as great or greater than czarism.

## The Length of Wars

## The Bigger and More Costly the War the Longer Its Duration

Four years ago many wiseacres declared that because of its magnitude and the enormous expense involved, the war could not last more than a year or two. Kitchener was thought to be magnifying its possibilities when he began calculating on three years of war. Already it has lasted longer than any of the wars of the last century, although it is costing many times more than all of them put together. The American Civil War, which began April 12, 1861, was over in less than four years. The Crimean War, which was opened in 1853, lasted two and a half years. The Boer War was considered a long one, but it lasted less than three years. The Russo-Japanese War began in February, 1904, and was over late in 1905. Of these smaller wars, the American Civil War was the greatest and it lasted the longest. The bigger the war and the more costly, the longer its duration, it seems.—From the Ottawa Journal-Press.

Many children die from the assaults of worms, and the first care of mothers should be to see that their infants are free from these pests. A vermifuge that can be depended on is Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only expel worms from the system, but act as a health-giving medicine and a remedy for many of the ailments that beset infants, enfeebled them and endangering their lives.

Price Demanded  
To Send Letter

## Prisoners in Germany Must Say in Letters That They are Well Treated

Warning to editors and others to accept with the proverbial grain of salt those letters from American prisoners of war in German camps which speak of the excellence of the food and general treatment of the prisoners, was issued recently by Col. Marlborough Churchill, the chief army censor. The warning took the form of the following note to editors throughout the United States:

"Col. Churchill, chief of the military intelligence branch of the general staff, directs the attention of American editors to recently published letters from American prisoners of war in German camps, in which the prisoners speak of the excellence of the food and general treatment of the prisoners."

"An officer of the military intelligence branch, who spent two years of the war in Germany, reports that there are certain rules laid down for all prisoners in letter writing. The price they pay for the transmission of their letters is that they must state that they are well treated, also that the food is good and that they are contented. The letters of the prisoners are carefully censored at the camps and any statements made contrary to the rules laid down for letter writing simply means destruction of the letter."

"It is, therefore, concluded that any information coming from American prisoners in Germany is absolutely unreliable and should not be published in American newspapers and magazines as in any way authentic."

"It is urged that all editors give the above very earnest consideration in handling prisoners' letters, that may reach them in any way whatever."

Start a Club in your town, where the young people can gather. We build small tables for hours, and large ones for tea parties. He rooms are free. Write us at once for full particulars.

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is all milled at our own factories and when you taste the rich tang of this grain in Grape-Nuts you have guaranteed assurance of wholesomeness.

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# THE COMLYN ALIBI

BY  
HEADON HILL

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED  
London, Melbourne, and Toronto

(Continued.)

"Good evening, Miss Comlyn; good evening, Mr. Morgan," said the Reverend Laurence nervously. "Oh, dear, we have not been botanising. The—spare vegetation of this sterile tract offers but little scope for that. Nothing much but heather, is there? No, Tom and I are not studying. We are just taking a friendly stroll on the moor—sort of mutual improvement association, don't you know?"

It was reserved for the boy to shatter this mild profession with a bombshell of his own making. He had kept his unwinking gaze on Morgan's face and now remarked in the croaking tones of adolescence:

"Don't rot, Mr. Clegg. Mutual improvement be blown. We're on the study racket right enough, Miss Comlyn. Geology and minerals and all that. I'm getting to be a naller on 'ores. Go in for 'stinks' at school don't you know. That's what we call chemical science."

Morgan had scarcely noticed him to a searching glance. Could it be possible that there was a hint of impudent defiance in the brat's answering stare, he asked himself. If so it would never do to take open offence at what might only be a juvenile attempt to get a rise out of him. The tenant of the Court was well aware that his ferocious temper was his own worst enemy.

"Oh ho, Master Tom!" he exclaimed with affected good humor, "and where might you be purusing these mineral studies of yours?"

"At the tallings of the old fangs. We were on our way there," the boy squared up. There was no doubt about the impudence now, and very little about the defiance.

"In that case I'll walk back with you," Morgan responded quickly. "Of course I mean if Mr. Clegg will release me of the duty of seeing Miss Comlyn home?"

The Reverend Laurence affirmed his readiness with nervous alacrity, while Mavis welcomed the suggestion with a smile that set the clergyman's heart all a twitter.

"Come along then, young Burbury," said Morgan with a geniality that sat ill on him. "Nothing like an old head on young shoulders. You shall give me a lesson in prospecting for minerals."

"I expect you've had quite a lot of lessons lately," said Tom as he trudged along the narrow track in the big man's rear.

"What do you mean?" Morgan flung over his shoulder.

"Lessons from that funny chap with the purple nose you've got stayin' with you," replied the boy suddenly. "I've seen you and him mouching about the old tallings pretty often these holidays."

"Oh, have you?" said Morgan dryly. "Well, perhaps we shall find him there now."

When they were still some distance off, though there was no sign of Zimbalist on the mound, Morgan raised his voice and called him loudly by name without getting any reply. If the Professor had been anywhere about he would have had warning of their coming.

"Perhaps he's in that shed," suggested Tom solemnly, pointing to the ruin where the Professor had been occupied a little earlier, and from which he had appeared when summoned to show the fossil to Mavis.

"What makes you think so?" demanded Morgan quietly.

"Nothing in particular," was a stupid answer, which nevertheless earned for the lad another venomous scrutiny.

"Cut along then, sonny, and see if you're right," Morgan curbed his tone to careless indifference.

But while the boy sped towards the ancient stone building he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out one of those large bored Derringer pistols which in spite of their diminutive size carry a smashing bullet; and which, having one barrel, are not of much use to people who cannot shoot straight. Jasper Morgan, treading softly in Tom Burbury's tracks and fingering his weapon, looked as if he had no doubt about hitting any object he meant to aim at.

And then by one of those strange turns in Fortune's wheel which make the difference between life and death, the desire of Mr. Morgan to test the accuracy of his Derringer passed, and he slipped the vicious little tool back into its hiding place.

For the boy had reached the shed and, after peeping in, was returning, his heavy face showing no traces of the disappointment he might reasonably have felt at the breakdown of his conjecture. On the contrary, he wore in an increased degree, the air of sulky insolence which had marked him all along.

"No," he announced. "Your friend isn't in the shed, Mr. Morgan."

"I didn't think he would be," was the reply. "He is probably up at the Court, gloating over his speci-

mens. Come and have tea with us and see the fossils he's found."

"Fossils?" the boy barked out incredulously. "Fossils? Yes, some people are awfully keen on them, I know, but they don't interest me a bit. Thanks all the same, but I'm due at home; I must get back to the Rectory."

And he faded into the purple distances of the heather with astonishing swiftness for a lad of his build.

And with a scowl that was not good to behold, Morgan stood watching him till he was out of sight over a dip in the moor.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Morgan's Grip

With watery eyes Archibald Comlyn peered at his daughter across the breakfast table, trying to nerve himself to open the subject that was nearest his selfish heart. Fresh as the dewy roses with which she had decked the low-ceiled room, Mavis faced him, and presently, when she had chipped his egg and buttered his toast, saved him further trouble by broaching the subject herself. All her short life the motherless girl had been saving this broken, disappointed man from trouble, most of which was of his own making or imagining.

"I met Mr. Morgan on the moor yesterday, dad," she began. "He walked some way with me—till we met Mr. Clegg and Tom Burbury. Mr. Morgan has peculiar ideas of conduct towards a woman."

"Yes, yes, my dear—a rough diamond, I am aware," Mr. Comlyn jumped at the opening. "But a genuine diamond, I really do believe, I hope that you were civil to him. He is our tenant at the Court, you know, and there are other reasons."

Mavis laughed mirthlessly. "There would have to be very good reasons why I should be civil to him, considering his own behavior. He did me the honor to ask me to marry him, and he took my acceptance for granted in the strangest way. He seemed to hint that he had spoken to you of his intentions, and that they met with your approval."

Mr. Comlyn beat the air feebly with his egg spoon. "Oh dear, oh dear, I am afraid that this is one of my bad mornings." He wailed in a mournful aside. "You did not definitely refuse, I hope, dear? It would be a grand match for us—for you, I mean—in many ways."

"He was at pains to point out one way," said Mavis drily. "That it would restore the fallen fortunes of the Comlyns. But I hardly thought that you would expect such a sacrifice as that from me, dad, even in so good a cause. Our pride, at least, is left to us."

To Be Continued.

### Old Maids There

This To Has No Unmarried Women of Twenty-five Years

Vandergrift, in Westmorland Co., Penna., is a hustling village, boasting 4,000 residents, but the committee of nursing of the Pennsylvania-Delaware division of the Red Cross says Vandergrift is the "real deserted village," and since its report is official it must be so. At any rate, when the Red Cross asked Vandergrift to supply its quota of young women more than twenty-five years old who had completed the Red Cross course in elementary hygiene and care of the ill, Vandergrift, with its 4,000 inhabitants, made answer there were no unmarried women of twenty-five years in the town.

The Red Cross was perplexed sorely at that condition of affairs and the following reply was received to a letter asking for further information:

"We have no unmarried women of twenty-five in this town. It is a singular town. We have no old maids, as the term is used. Our girls are all in the last teens or just past the twenty mark. They mostly get married about this age. This is a young town, with all very young people in it—scarcely what one can call an old person among us. Hardly one of these girls has a brother or a husband in France. About 550 men from this town alone are in the army."

Dogs Wanted for War

The war office needs more dogs for the front, and gives us a list of the types desired. The bulldog is not one of them. John Bull's pet purebred is a peaceful, lethargic beast, but the bull terrier, not specifically named, is a fighter and a stiker. He is to be represented, but he must have mastiff blood, too, for war purposes. This type of hound was used by Sanderson, the government elephant catcher in India as a "seizer," and it would seize anything, be it a tiger, bear, or elephant.

"What makes you think so?" demanded Morgan quietly.

"Nothing in particular," was a stupid answer, which nevertheless earned for the lad another venomous scrutiny.

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### Drooping, Tired, Weary, Try This Remedy!

Don't give in to that depressed, played out, don't-care sort of feeling. Better days are ahead. Cheer up, do as the other fellow is doing, tone and strengthen your blood, and you'll feel like new again. You'll dance with new found energy once you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will quickly fill your system with energy, bring back the old appetite, restore that long lost complexion, make you feel like a kid again. A wonderful medicine, chucked full of health bringing qualities. You need Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c box today at any dealer.

### An Irish Anzac

Contrived Both to Achieve Fame and Have Honor Thrust Upon Him

Pat Devine was supposed to be a New Zealander, but he was as Irish as the fat pigs in Droheda.

He owned a large "station" in New Zealand, and he knew his business so well that money was a minor matter with him. He knew the wrongs of his—"distressed country" so well that he found time to unload them on some willing or unwilling listener every day.

We all loved him, and though he often called me a "white-livered opressor," and sundry other things, we never came to blows. Devine had most things worth having. He had a pretty wife—as delightfully Irish as himself—two charming children, a prosperous station, a sense of humor, a wide circle of friends, and as many enemies as a good Irishman needs for the sake of his health.

He cursed the "English" with Irish

fever and a rich Celtic vocabulary.

And when war broke out, he hadn't patience to wait until "conscription" had been made voluntary." He joined the first expeditionary force to leave New Zealand, and went to Flanders, because, as he expressed it, he "couldn't afford to lose the English as an enemy."

He was invited to take a commission, but explained that he "wasn't flash," and that "the war might be over before he began it."

He chose the khaki of the private, and although he became one of the most efficient soldiers I have met, he jocally held that "a man who got stripes deserved 'em."

Pat was an ardent Home Ruler, from the roots of his shock of red hair to the soles of his feet. He said, however, that "there wouldn't be any Ireland worth rulin' if the Boche got his way."

And though he would sometimes curse the English into the middle of the morning, he always postponed giving them "what's what" until he had settled with the "German scapen."

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He chose the khaki

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**NOTICE!** On account of limited space and in order to make room for Three Carloads of Merchandise from Webster Bros. the Entire Stock of Stock of Shoes will be Sold in the Sample Room at the Palace Hotel.

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Regular \$8 Fleeced Lined Combinations in all sizes  
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35c. Ginghams for 24c.  
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Bargains taken at Random from all over the Store:

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\$1.00 Velvets marked..... 63c  
60c. Tartan Dress Goods cut to... 39c

**TABLE LINEN**  
Unbleached Table Linen, 54-in. wide.  
Regular 65c Value for 39c.  
Bleached Table Linen, very fine quality. Regular \$1.20

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**\$6.00 COMFORTS \$3.15**  
Fine Cotton-filled Comforts with Art Sateen Covers in a beautiful assortment of patterns.

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Men's Fleeced Lined 2-Piece Underwear Regular \$2.50 for 1.29 per Suit  
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Men's Work Shoes in Black or Tan American Elk, "Grebs" guaranteed all leather shoe. Regular \$6.50 Cut to \$4.95  
Men's heavy Urus calf shoe in tan only. Regular \$7.50 for \$5.65  
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Little gents shoes, sizes 8 to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  Worth \$3.50 cut to \$2.45

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Men's Black Dog Skin Coats. Reg. \$45.00. Six only to go at \$29.40  
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**MEN'S SUITS**  
This Stock is very complete and from such well-known tailors as "Fitrone" and "Campbell's".  
Values up to \$22.50 to go at \$14.75  
Values up to \$27.00 to go at \$19.50  
\$80 and \$85 Hand Tailored Suits Cut to \$23.50

**MEN'S SWEATERS**  
Men's all wool heavy Sweaters, Regular \$8 for..... 4.75  
Heavy wool Sweaters in assorted colors. Cut to..... 6.35  
Heavy 4-Ply wool Coats, Regular \$10 quality in assorted colors Cut to..... 7.95

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Gallon apples..... 49c	Lowney's Cocoa 1/2 lb. 2 for.... 25c
Pears 2 1/2 lb. tin, 3 for..... 45c	" " 1/2 lb. 2 for.... 45c
Tomatoes, 3 for..... 68c	Prunes, 5 lb. box "Green Plume"..... 99c
Coffee, Chase & Sanborn's best 3 lbs..... 1.15	Laundry soap, White Swan 6 for..... 25c
Black tea No 1 Ceylon..... 49c	

Jap Silk in a beautiful quality and in all colors, to go at..... 59c.
Pongee Silk in the natural splendid quality, good width. Reg. \$1, 69c.
Shantung Silk in assorted colors, 36 in. wide Reg. \$2. Cut to \$1.05

<b>SILKS ON SALE</b>
Ladies Sweaters in assorted colors with shawl collar and belt. Regular \$4.50, Cut to \$2.95
Brushed wool Sweater with shawl collar and belt, plain colors \$5.20
Ladies fine Brushed wool coats, with the large collar, in combination colors. Reg. \$9. for \$5.95

**WEBSTER BROS.**  
GLEICHEN, ALBERTA

**LADIES and CHILDREN'S SHOES**  
Ladies fine English calf laced shoe in black only, Cuban heel. Regular \$6 for \$4.95  
The Maxine ladies dress shoe, high top in grey and brown. Regular \$8.50 cut to \$5.95  
Dongola cushion sole, laced shoe, a rare value. Regular \$7.50 for \$5.45

Ladies fine patent pumps with high heel. A beautiful dress pump. Regular \$5.50 for \$3.95  
Childs patent button, 4 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in good wide, lasts. Regular \$2.50 for \$1.69

**BOYS SUITS**  
These come in a splendid quality of Tweed made up the Norfolk style, with Knicker pants. Ages 8 to 10, values up to \$11, to go at \$6.45  
Ages 11 to 16, in a wide variety of patterns. Worth up to \$16, to go at \$9.75  
Buy the boy's suit now. You will Never Get it Cheaper.